

# THE VICTORY

AT

TALLAGHT HILL,

BY

GENERAL JULIUS CÆSAR BUNCOMBE, *[pseud]*

WHO COMMANDED THE BUNCOMBE FENCIBLES  
DURING THE ENGAGEMENT.



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This squib has been written with a view to displaying the style of "tall talk" which has deluded some few of my countrymen into an unhappy and hopeless insurrection.

I need hardly say the mode of treatment is in imitation of the inimitable "Orpheus C. Kerr" papers.

THE AUTHOR.

*March, 1867.*

p 54890

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I AM about giving you a description, my boy, of that tremendous and sanguinary engagement at Tallaght Hill, which, as the world knows, sent a thrill of fear into the very cushions of the throne of England, and caused all the brass fixings in the House of Lords to rattle in trepidation.

It is already an illuminated page in history, that we received orders from the Kurnal to make pancakes of the Britishers on Shrove Tuesday night, and to prepare ourselves for a banquet of gore.

Such an order delivered to timorous men were worse than a touch of toothache, but to Spartans—to Heroes, my boy, it was the soft whisper of hope to the young lover ; it was the rustling of the ring-dove's wing, as bearing to its mate the ruby worm ; it coos upon the west wind, and, sighing, breathes its song of love. (I reckon you'll like my style of writing, it exhales poetry, my boy).

It is an invariable rule with strategists, especially after a victory, never to enter into more than a mere outline of their plans, for, were the victorious leaders thus to expose their hands, why every common loafer might follow suit, and win an odd trick against four by honors. Who cares a hickory nut about the manœuvres of a defeated General ; no one would follow in *his* footsteps ; ergo, my boy, I will not state exactly our starting-point, or our rendezvous, as we were rather nearer certain public institutions than perhaps the authorities are aware. I will merely state this, that we started from the neighbourhood of a Lunatic asylum, and that our subsequent places of meeting were, respectively, an Hospital and a Prison. I will now draw four stars across the paper, partly in imitation of popular

authors, and partly to shew that it was by starlight that the great army paraded.

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Our hearts, teeth, and knees beat joyously, when the order arrived that we were to assemble at midnight, and proceed by forced marches of 90 miles per march, to Tallaght Hill. The Brigade mustered in tremendous force at the appointed time and place, but many were prevented from attending by sudden indisposition, domestic calamities, and equally affecting causes. Some of the Brigade were so eager for the fray that they quitted the city without waiting for hats, coats, or shoes, and announced their firm determination of winning them from the enemy. One brigadier stated he did not care a "blue cuss" for winning anything but his spurs, and when I came to consider, my boy, that he had neither boots or shoes to attach them to, his valor charmed me.

At half-past eleven o'clock a consultation of officers was held, and the oath administered, diluted with water; and many of us were so overcome by emotions of valor, that we wished the fight over, and that we were again seated, crowned with laurels, amongst our Lares and Penates. (You will perceive I have not forgotten the classics, my boy.)

The Buncombe Brigade was ordered to the front, each brigadier being permitted to wear as many oyster shells about his person as fancy might dictate, or convenience permit of, as preventives against round shot, rotten eggs, or the like. Every man wore his hair thick and long, in accordance with general orders issued about two months, with a view to turning the edge of a sabre or the point of a lance, and all carried a quantity of padding about the end of the small of the back, knowing that there would be much bivouacking and a deal of sitting upon very hard seats. We were in the very act of setting out, my boy, our right foot in the air, and our left in the atmosphere, when a "ketch" occurred which was nearly productive of very sanguinary results. Major Punckpottom, that brave and distinguished officer, who covered himself with glory, and had the thanks of the city of Belton, Mass. presented to him for his vigorous defence of his person against the unprovoked and fierce assault of a blind washerwoman, was hailed by the Kurnal in these remarkable words—

"What's that in the heel of your fist?" says the Kurnal.



No answer from the Major.

"Is it a sword?" asks the Kurnal.

"No!" replies the Major.

"Is it a blunderbuss?" shouts the Kurnal.

"No!" replies the Major.

"An' what the blue cuss is it?" roars the Kurnal.

"My umbrella," says the Major, coolly opening it.

The old boss of a Kurnal nearly fell into fits of rage; he grew as purple as a pig's pudding, and his eyes hung out on his cheeks like a lobster's. "Let 500 men step to the front," says he, "and shoot the Major."

500 men stepped out boldly, my boy, and presented their bill-hooks.

"Let me say a word to you," says the Major, addressing the Kurnal, "before I die."

They went a few paces to the rear, and the Major uttered one or two sharp sentences in the Kurnal's ear.

"Oh! is that it?" says the Kurnal.

"Surely," says the Major.

"And why the blue cuss didn't you say so before. Heroes!" says the Kurnal, "the Major wishes to keep his umbrella, because he has on a new second-hand hat

at 4s. 9d., and we will put it in general orders," says he, "so right about left," and the Brigade performing this intricate evolution with peculiar grace, falling into each others stomachs, and the like, retired to take the oath.

A consultation of officers was now held to determine whether it would not be advisable to take as many umbrellas with us as possible, as one of the captains who had been working with an optician and philosophical instrument maker, declared, we would have a wet night of it. After dividing 175 times, our Kurnal gave the casting vote in favor of the gingham, so as many as could be borrowed were shouldered, which imparted a very fierce and warlike aspect to the brigade.

A scout rushed in with intelligence, that 5,000 policemen were encamped at Tallaght, with a large force of mounted marines, and 400 Armstrong guns, and that 20 ships of war were expected to cast anchor in the roadstead near the village, during the night.

The soul-stirring order to march, was given, and so intoxicated with joy were some of our Brigade at the thought of

meeting the enemy, that they mistook the road, and were going back to the city at a double.

A deputation consisting of 3 or 400 of the Brigade, waited upon the Kurnal, requesting permission to return to the City for a few moments, just to bid farewell to their respective aged grandmothers.

A consultation of officers was held, and so highly were the motives of these warriors appreciated, that several of the officers actually volunteered, at great personal sacrifice, to accompany them, just for the mere sake of being present to witness so beautiful a trait of Mother Nature.

A consultation of officers was held to determine whether the officers should march in front of the Brigade or in the rear, and it was unanimously resolved that, inasmuch as the 15,000 police were in front, that the officers should bring up the rear, and prevent any stragglers from deserting the main body.

The Kurnal armed himself with a revolver, but stated with that heroism for which he is so eminently historical, that he would not load the darned thing, but would use his tomahawk, a favorite

weapon, resembling in form a large cheese-knife. "I go" says he "to measure myself with Strathnairn."

It was now the witching hour of night, my boy, when churchyards yawn, you know the rest. A nor'-wester was cutting with a stiffness that would have blown the whale out of Jonah's belly, and it required a large admixture of the oath unqualified to keep up the circulation. One of our Brigade, who carried the standard, was observed to wrap the flag very closely about the lower end of his back, and upon being questioned by the Kurnal, stated he was practising the art of enfolding it gracefully round his body, to be prepared when 50 or 60 minie rifle balls and 100 bayonet thrusts entered his midriff to let go his vitality in an elegant *pose*. Like Julius Cæsar, my boy, he resolved upon wrapping his toga around him in classical folds, and dying like a Roman. The night was dark, my boy, and the roads were heavy. Our thoughts were of gore—a banquet, a Lord Mayor's feast of gore—and I began to feel a kinder pity for Victoria, seeing as how she would frizzle a bit on finding her Guards wiped out, and her reglars picking oakum in Spike Island. I

felt for her, my boy, but stern Bellona bade me dry the tear that was oozing from my heart, and vengeance shrieked *excel-sior!* (I think you'll find my imagery very fine, my boy )

A consultation of officers was held.

"What's this for?" says the Kurnal.

"We are of opinion that we ought to throw out skirmishers, Kurnal," replies the Major; "we hear the enemy coming down the road."

The Kurnal, with the intrepidity of Leonidas, at the pass of Cabool, shrieked "Yes! yes! yes! throw them out by all means; fire! fire! fire!" and, giving his hoss a skelp with the flat side of his tomahawk, rode off in the direction from whence we came, shouting "Rear guard to the front!"

"That noble hero's valor is most astonishing," says the Major; "he forgets everything in the heat of action, he totally omits to bring to his well-regulated mind that we have no rear-guard, and that we are the rear-guard ourselves."

A consultation of officers was held, and every man of us volunteered to follow the Kurnal to bring him back. Captain Tookshoddy's offer was accepted on account

of his having left town in the ardor of his nature, without his shoes, and being in a condition to run very fleetly.

*"The enemy is at hand."* You cannot think, my boy, what a thrill these words sent down the knobs of my spine. It also affected my hair, and rose my jim-crow a little off my forehead.

The Brigade were equally moved, many of them, as is the practice of skirmishers, fell flat upon their faces, while others crept into the ditches and behind the hedges, and prepared their bayonets, umbrellas, and all the offensive and defensive weapons with which they were furnished, and the Clontarf fencibles were conspicuous by the rattling of the oyster shells padding their uniforms. Not a sound was heard, my boy, but these cursed oyster shells, and the chattering of Captain Pooby's teeth (a false set, he afterwards told me, and that he had no command whatever over the springs).

"Does any officer wish to go to the front and reconnoitre?" asked the Major in a hoarse whisper.

We all felt riled at this, considering it the duty of the privates, so he got no reply.

"Gentlemen, did you hear me?" cried the Major, in a louder tone.



No reply.

Things might have arrived at an ugly "ketch" had not the silence been broken by the sound of wheels.

"Ha! Artillery," shouted the Major. "Deploy, men, deploy! Right about left! Deploy into the hedges!"

In a second not a man of us was in the road, not a man of our splendid corps, which a moment before seemed an immovable wall, as immovable] as—as anything. Drill is a splendid invention, my boy, a noble invention. The word of command is everything in an army, especially in the field. Had it not been for the thorough training and effective condition of our men it would have taken a week to have pushed them through that hedge, a hedge so thick, my boy, and so full of thorns, that I felt as if going through a stone wall lined with fish-hooks. The noise of wheels increased, and the steps of a quadruped neared us. We all felt that to capture the Armstrong gun would be of very great service, as our heavy cannon were all lying at Bendlehaven, Mass. waiting to be shipped. It was an exciting moment, and one never to be forgotten by a score of Methuselah's. A council of such

officers as were at our side of the road was held, and it was determined to allow this piece of artillery to pass in order to give the Kurnal and Captain Tookshoddy an opportunity of whetting their valor by taking it single-handed, besides it was a duty we owed to our superior officer. Strange to say, as we afterwards learn't, the same course of action was resolved upon by that section of the Brigade t'other side of the highway. This unanimity of thought was wonderful, and can only be accounted for by the admirable discipline of the Brigade. Drill, my boy, is *the* ticket, and if you are desirous that your wife should think in the same groove as yourself, drill her, my boy, drill her.

The quadruped was now on a line with us. Several privates with that noble instinct of preservation, which is the first law of nature, presented their umbrellas straight at the moving object, and, I have no doubt, serious consequences would have ensued to the British army, were it not that the Major, wholly regardless of the recent decision of the Board of officers, raised himself from his recumbent position, and waving a pair of shears above his head,



shouted that word which we were all panting to hear, "Charge !"

Not a man of us moved, my boy ; we were too good disciplinarians for that ; *we* knew the value of obeying a *Board* of officers too well, to jeopardise the Brigade by following the dictates of a single hair-brained fellow.

"Charge ! charge !" shouted the Major.

"Are you mad," I whispered in his ear, catching him by the tail of his coat ; "don't you see how well guarded that piece of artillery is ; we will only spill a Niagara of blood for a single gun, wait 'till——"

But he was through the hedge in an instant, leaving his coat tail in my hand.

Carefully placing this in the ribs of my umbrella, feeling he might require it bye-and-bye (and I merely mention this, my boy, to show you how cool I was in this terrible scene of war), I prepared for action, knowing that the "Banquet of Gore" was at hand. "Surrender ! you Br-r-ritish spy," cries the Major, in the road, "or I'll run you through with my six-shooter. Surrender, or I'll blow your brains into Patrick's Close with my bowie." I cautiously peeped out, my boy, and the

pitch darkness plainly revealed the Major holding a man by the throat, the man being in a kneeling position upon a small cart, drawn by a quadruped with a pair of long ears, known to Zoologists as a donkey.

For the first time in my life I now became disobedient to orders, and, seeing that the Major was in great peril, at a risk that would have won for me, had I been in the British army, the Victoria  $\times$  and regardless of all personal danger, (I'm told, my boy, that when in my nurse's arms, I said, one day, "nurse, what is fear? I never saw it.") I dashed through the hedge, and falling upon the British officer, caught him by the hair, and in order to save the Major's life, held him down, and, with great presence of mind, shouted "Charge!" with all my might. The Oyster-shell hussars came to the rescue at a double, and after one of the most fearful and exciting contests on record, we succeeded in making prisoners, not only the vehicle, but also the driver and quadruped. I perspire, my boy, while I think of it; I perspire freely.

A council of officers was held, and it was resolved to bind the prisoners in chains, and to place the Kurnal in the vehicle when

he would turn up. Five hundred Oyster-shell hussars were told off to guard the prisoners, and they were informed by the Major that if these important personages were allowed to escape, they would be shot to a man, and deprived of their pay for six months afterwards.

When the Goddess of War wags her gory *chignon*, my boy, the milk of human kindness in the bosom of mankind turns to vinegar, and is only palatable with *cold meat*. Ha!

I need hardly say to you, my boy, how this success enlivened our troops, as they now marched forward, flushed with victory. Every man felt that he carried a policeman's baton in his knapsack, and since Fortune smiled so approvingly on the first engagement, it was but natural to suppose that lady would stand to us like a hundred of wet bricks. Every Brigadier felt like the Wandering Jew, compelled as it were to advance, and they all secretly envied the Major and myself for the golden opportunity which had presented itself, by which we had won such a thundering tall bough of laurel.

A council of officers was held, and they,

with a magnanimity and generosity which will indent my gratitude 'till the daisies are tickling the buttercups over my head, allotted to me the Provost's House in Grafton Street, with £10,000 a year for ever, as what they were pleased to call a slight recognition of my daring services on that memorable night; while the Major was presented, with a very handsome location known as the Catholic University in Stephen's Green, with the Green itself, and £15,599 per annum for ever, always provided it was to be kept more closely shut than it is now, just like the garden of a Daimois, or a Japanese Tycoon.

I will not, by-the-by, in this crippled space mention to you the nature of my reply, suffice it to say, that Miltiades at Marathon, Washington at Bunker's Hill, Alexander at Arbela, Wellington at Waterloo, Elizabeth at Tilbury, or E. P. Stewart at Chancellorsville, never spoke more ardent words. There was Greek fire in them, my boy, and no mistake.

A scout rushed breathlessly to announce the return of the Kurnal. This great man fell into the Major's arms, and clasping him close, uttered these words, which will ever

occupy a shelf in the library of history,  
*“Major, you are the bravest of the brave!”*

A noble idea my boy, truly noble, and to burst into existence at such a moment, too

A council of officers was held, and we resolved upon marching at quick time straight to Tallaght, and take possession at the point of the blunderbuss, of the forts by which that celebrated city is so conspicuously defended.

“Is the band ready to play up?” asks the Kurnal.

“It is, replies the band, which consisted of a German concertina, our brass instruments having been all pledged by a traitor, whom we afterwards placed in the rear rank as the greatest punishment that could be inflicted upon any member of the army, though the villian did not seem to feel the force of his position.

I reckon there was no concertina in any army equal to this, it was a streak of a drum, a brace of trombones, an ophicliede and a flute ; but unfortunately the officer whose duty it was to draw forth its dulcet tones was wounded in the hand during the recent engagement, and although our Surgeon-Major offered to cut off his right leg in or-

der to draw away the irritation from his finger, the other obstinately refused, and were it not that we happened to be almost in sight of the enemy, this miscreant would have been tried by court-martial, and reduced to the ranks.

At length, after many false starts, like a man about to engage in the mazy whirl of the waltz with a gal of 14 stone weight, we set out in right earnest. Patter, patter, patter, not that dull, unmeaning tramp, tramp, tramp, used in regular armies; with us each man walked for himself, and in any part of the road which suited his corns, his boots, or his soles. The Brigade was supposed to be arranged thus:—The Oyster Shell (or armour plated) men in front, followed by Sappers and Miners and Engineers, of which we had a large number, the railways being played out in this country, and the Water-works nearly finished. In the rear of the Engineers a large space was left for artillery, 5 or 6 parks at least, and a battery of mortars, but as I before mentioned, my boy, the guns were lying waiting shipment, yet not knowing when they might arrive, our Kurnal, with great forethought, left plenty of room for them. Then came the Fenci-



bles, who so gallantly aided in the capture of the prisoners; the conveyance and the quadruped next in order, the ardent ones without shoes, and then the prisoners guarded by 400 brigadiers with arms reversed, and treble-shotted guns, while the Kurnal, officers, and staff brought up the rear, the Kurnal being seated in an arm-chair upon the recently captured conveyance, and the Major reclining upon one of the shafts like an ancient Roman at a feast.

A more imposing sight, my boy, never was witnessed in this or any other clime. The pitch dark night, the dense body of men marching on to gore, and perhaps to death, their faces lighted up with the stern determination of doing or dying. The awful stillness broken only by the weird-like notes of a screech owl, or the chattering talk of some ardent brigadier, in dread of losing an encounter with the enemy. The fields so awfully still, and the—

“Fire a rocket!” shouts the Kurnal.

“Fire a rocket!” cries the Major.

“Fire a rocket!” howls each Captain in that language so peculiarly unintelligible to civilians, in fact, to such, this order would have sounded, “Fye-a-ket.”

The Pyrotechnist to the forces, was communicated with, and he, with that promptitude of which history will so proudly speak, immediately extracted a lucifer from a case in his knapsack, and lighting it with a flourish of his right arm, the whole army became for an instant visible, then all was darkness, as dark as the inner crypt of the pyramids, or the stomach of an Egyptian mummy.

The period of my narrative has now arrived, my boy, when I must relieve my pent-up feelings by quoting Latin. There is nothing purges an author's brain when he is in a "ketch," with greater rapidity than a squirt of Horace or a streak of Virgil. The embankment would burst, had we not some such bye-wash or sluice-gate to let our surplus ideas through.

"Arma virum que cano."

Now, my boy, I am ready for another streak, but I must star it again.

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When a hero is going where glory waits him, there is an elasticity of feeling about his midriff, and especially a fluttering about the heart, that renders his body rather cold



and uncomfortable, and if his deadliest foe were to come up, and mention friendship in connection with a horn of malt, the offer would be met with a glow of fervor; of course a mistaken and hectic sensation not the real thing, my boy, but uncommon like it. I love entering into what is called a psychological analysis of my feelings on that most eventful night ; it is harrowing and makes me creep, as if I was scraping a whitewashed wall with the tips of my fingers, my nails newly cut, and the wall screaming like a child at a christening ; but when one has passed a tall danger, you like to look over the cliff, or into the biler, as the case may be, and reflect, my boy, on the chances in life, on the difference between trumps and teasers, or the turn up of the black and the fall of the fickle red.

As you have never seen the battle field, my boy, and as I reckon you never will, I may as well just give you a slight sketch of this highly important place, as it appeared before it surrendered to our victorious Brigade on that memorable Shrove Tuesday night.

Tallaght ! thy name will survive long after M'Cauley's New Zealander shall have set the Liffey on fire.

Tallaght! name to make Apollo play Yankee Doodle on his lyre, and Venus sing John Brown, accompanied by Cupid working upon the bones.

Tallaght, my boy, is situated on the slope of an ascending hill, at the bottom of which descends a receding vale through which flows a proceeding river, spanned by a bridge, ostensibly built for the purpose of allowing persons desirous of crossing from one bank to another to do so. This bridge was the key of the position, and this—"pons asinorum" built very much after the shape of that defended by Horatius Cockles—was, what we strategists term, "Boozleum." The valley, my boy, is between two and three miles long, of various breadths at different points, but generally not exceeding half a mile. On each side of the valley there is a winding chain of low hills, some of them about 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, running somewhat parallel with each other (this word ought to be left out of military tactics, my boy, it is so difficult to spell), and between these small hills—not running up them as you might be led to imagine—the river flows on its way to its source. This

river is called the Rubicon. The city is very grand and imposing, with such a Cathedral—talk of St. Peter's at Rome, or St. Paul's in London, the Mosque of Omar, the Crystal Palace, the Alhambra, or any other Cathedral you like to "pile up," but this one at Tallaght is 2 decimal 40 plus the Tower of Babel, and was built by an infidel Crusader on his return from planting the Crescent in the sands of Palestine. But I anticipate. A halt was called, and immediately the Brigade fell into each other's abdomens in the most friendly way, and performed a spider's web evolution to the great gratification of the Kurnal.

"Where the blue cuss, are we located?" says he.

"We're close to Tallow," responded an officer of the advance guard, who had served his time to a candle manufacturer.

"Tallaght! you son of a rush-light," growls the Kurnal, "if you presume to say Tallow again, by the skeleton of Washington's grandmother, I'll have you taken to the nearest river, and *there* you'll get a dip for your Tallow."

"The Kurnal is *waxing* wroth," cries the Major, "this must be stopped. Where are we now, men? Throw a light on the subject!"

A picket of the Oyster-shell hussars reported us five or six yards from Tallaght.

A council of officers was now hurriedly held, to discuss whether it would not be advisable to return to Dublin, and come back the following night, when it might be finer, and as was argued, the enemy would be better prepared for our attack. But Captain Tookshoddy, who was always a meddling critter, countermined this proposition, by stating he had mentioned our plans to his wife *as a secret*.

There was nothing for it now, my boy, but Cole-alley or Victory!

The quadruped and conveyance were brought to the front, and the Kurnal being informed that it was usual, before entering into battle, for the commander to address his troops, was hoisted with much difficulty on his feet (being a strategist, my boy, he would have preferred addressing the army in a recumbent position), twenty picked men were told off to keep the quadruped quiet during the harangue, and fifteen Sappers and Miners held the Kurnal in his place upon the conveyance. At first, his tones were so low and tremulous, that we had to call upon him to speak up, when,

with an effort, mastering the emotion which was performing a Kentucky reel in his heroic bosom, he poured forth a most tall soul-stirring harangue, full of blood, blazes, and thunder, and had just proceeded as far as "Soldiers, from the heights of these pyramids, 40 centuries are contemplating you. If I fall"—when suddenly the quadruped, planting his ears in the abdomen of Private Binks (that officer is in the infirmary while these lines are being penned), gave one tremendous plunge, upsetting 15 of the stalwart men in front of him, and sending the Kurnal right into Captain Tookshoddy's umbrella, from between the ribs of which, it required no small amount of science, literature, and art, to rescue him. This vile animal darted down the road, and although 5 or 600 men rushed in pursuit, the quadruped was too swift, and eluded their vigilance.

A council of officers was held, and 40 privates were reduced to the ranks on the spot; while one captain, who acted most gallantly in the pursuit, got his lieutenancy on the field.

You have no idea, my boy, how grim and ghastly the dark outlines of the earthworks looked looming through the dark night,

right in front of our devoted columns. The massive fortress to the right, looming larger as its dark shadow stood out from the sky, was as still as the grave, while towards Tallaght a faint light was seen to twinkle for a moment and then suddenly disappear, leaving all dark and gloomy as before. Even in the trenches, crowded with our brave men, not a whisper was uttered and even amid the mighty army lying in wait, the baying of a "collie" could be distinctly heard, telling that all was well in the City of Tallaght.

While we were all anxiously awaiting the decision of the Kurnal, who was still engaged in rubbing that portion of his person which had come most in contact with the ribs of the umbrella, the general order became known—" *The earth works must be taken to-night.*" Then it was, my boy, that I took in a button of my waistcoat, and hitched up my pants as mariners are wont to do before entering upon the giddy mazes of the hornpipe, and with one hand upon my umbrella, and the other upon my revolver, which I did not as yet load, wishing to save as much life as possible, I waited for that awful moment which was to belch



forth canister, round-shot, grape, shells, cabbages, rotten eggs, and engines of destruction upon both armies.

The Kurnal wants volunteers for a forlorn hope!" cries the Major, in a pig's whisper, which ran along the whole line.

"The forlorn hope is to put up umbrellas, and creep on their abdomen right up to the earthworks, and on the word 'Fire!' being given they are to charge, and take it at the point of such weapons as they may wish to fight with."

This was a general order, my boy, and must be obeyed, so the umbrellas went up simultaneously and sprang out of the bowels of the earth like a lot of black mushrooms. We were also ordered when we came upon the enemy, to close them suddenly, and strike boldly with the points into the pit of each Britisher's stomach; and this idea being a novel one, and novelty being the grand desideratum, we were led to expect great things from the manœuvre.

In the grand moments of our sublunary existence there are comicalities which shake the nervous system to the core, and when I beheld Corporal Bitumen and Sergeant Squabbeam settling a private difference by

disembowelling each other with their umbrellas, tears of pity, commingled with mirth, stole silently down my cheeks, and dropping one by one saltily into my mouth, reminded me of the last time I bathed in the briny waters of the Potomac, and my luscious meal of Pumpkin pie washed down by Jersey Lightning. I must relieve my feelings by a star or two.

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Whatever the levity of the previous moment the scene before us now repressed it effectually. The deep-toned bell of the Cathedral tolled 1 o'clock, a m , and scarcely were its notes dying away in the distance, when the creeping of the columns was heard stealing along the ground. A low murmuring whisper ran along the advanced files of the forlorn hope. Neckties were loosened, umbrellas were closely grasped, and each man pressed his cap more firmly on his brow, and if that article was absent gave his hair a final twist.

It came at last ; the word " Advance " passed in whispers from rank to rank, and the dark mass moved on ; what a moment was that ! my boy, as we skeddadled to the breach.



“Send that officer with the false teeth to the rear, their rattling would wake Glasnevin and Mount Jerome,” whispered the Major, and his orders were promptly executed.

“Captain Capillary, you must retire to the rear, the dye on your beard is emitting a phosphorescent light that will betray our position to the enemy.”

The Captain complied with alacrity.

And now the word “Fire” was given, and the forlorn hope sprang forward.

You have heard old Indians, my boy, explain the fierce spring of a tiger on a dum dum, and the awful rush of a bungalow upon a kitmagar. You have heard of the lion darting upon the trunk of an elephant and rifling it of its contents. You have seen the swift descent of the eagle upon the bug, but never, my boy, could the liveliest effect of your double-milled imagination realise the charge of our Light Brigade. Speak of Balaclava. Shoddy! my boy, Shoddy!

I must own that the front rank were at a disadvantage, for I beheld several of our rear rank, in their anxiety to grapple with the foe, pushing them on with the vigour of steam-rams.

With a cheer the forlorn hope mounted the breach, closely followed by the Oyster-shell hussars, the officers shouting like auctioneers. With another cheer we rushed into the fortress and spiked the guns—that is, we would have spiked them, but the enemy had withdrawn his artillery, and had done it so cunningly, that to a person non-military, and not a strategist, we were apparently standing on a grass-grown mound, instead of as we knew it to be, one of the strongest fortifications in Europe.

Oh! the triumph of that moment; a whole aviary of American Eagles unfolded their wings in my bosom, and any number of lyre's played Camptown Races. The Kurnal had a desperate hand-to-hand conflict with one of our drummers, believing him to be one of the Rifle Brigade who are remarkable for smallness of stature, and was only prevented from making him prisoner by the lad's bolting in amongst the ranks.

“Where's the flag 'till we plant it upon this here fortress?” shouted the Kurnal.

Alas, my boy, the Ensign who had been entrusted with it, had, for the purpose of keeping it safe, wrapped it round the lower

portion of his frame, and as he had been sitting on it in the trenches, and as the point of an unfriendly umbrella has pierced it in several places, we were compelled to use a handkerchief of the Kurnal's which had been already in action, and apparently riddled with bullets.

“Your first thoughts ought to be for the killed and wounded,” says the Kurnal, “let the hospital staff go over the field, and report the number of the killed, wounded, and missing. Let all our wounded prisoners be well cared for, and their wants studied, see that they are supplied with lamb and salad, and that some port of the '48 vintage be given out, but only to the wounded prisoners mind. We are Spartans, and bread and water is the real food for the soldier on his march.”

One of the sappers was badly wounded in the back by a conical shell, very much the size and shape of the *ferrule* of an umbrella, but the surgeon-general making a post-mortem on his liver declared him fit for active service.

It was an admiration to see that man—he was everywhere; now confidently whispering with the Major; now helping one of

the hussars to shift his oyster shells; now condoling with private Binks on the hole in his paletot, and now taking a quiet pull at a flask in an obscure corner.

These are the men fit to command, my boy. This is the imperishable stuff of which a hero ought to be constructed.

As for myself, during the charge, I have an indistinct recollection of striking desperately at the foe with the handle of my umbrella; of collaring 20 or 30 Artillery officers, and being unable to retain them owing solely to their numerical force. I was very faint my boy when all was over, and retired to a ditch, and drew a bill at three months on my brandy flask.

The pickets reported that an excrescence in the shape of a man, wished to have an audience of the Kurnal.

“Show him up,” says that officer, “and let him take the first turn to the left.”

A very seedy tattered-looking chap, resembling a stuffed alligator in its hind legs, with a pair of pencils stuck in his ears, an ink bottle hanging from his button hole, and his pockets crammed with paper, clambered the 2,000 feet of hill with great agility, and presented himself with sublime effron-

tery to the Kurnal, who was surrounded by his glittering staff.

“What, ho ! without there,” cries the Kurnal, “let the Oyster shells strew the pass. Place treble-shotted Dalghren guns at every embrasure, and be sure to put in the right end of the cartridges. Now sir,” he continued, turning to the stranger, “what rank do you hold in the rebel army ?”

“I ’aint in the army,” replies the stranger.

“What rank do you hold in the Horse Marines ?”

“I ’aint in the Horse Marines.”

“What rank do you hold in the Poliss ?”

“I ’aint in the Poliss.”

“Strange being,” says the Kurnal, “who and what art thou ?”

When the Kurnal is perfectly at ease, as in this case, his language reminds me of the most striking passages in Shakespear and Adam Smith.

“I am the Palladium of Liberty. I represent the Press,” replied the strange being, “and as it is the custom to have a special correspondent at the seat of war, and as I write all the military articles for the ‘Bloody Blazer,’ I’m willing to serve at ten guineas per diem.”

“Say dollars thou 4th estate, and I will place thee in general orders.”

“Done,” replied the 4th estate, “provided you let me send a leader twice a week to the existing, for the time being, Government Gazette.”

“Write as many as you please;” was our noble Kurnal’s reply, and the strange being retired into the surrounding mud.

You remember, my boy, General E. P. Stuart’s celebrated ride round M’Clellan’s lines, that caused the hair of Europe to stand on end, which gave rise to the high hats worn during that nerve-dredging period; I felt a live coal of ambition in the small pipe of my heart, and I resolved to take a pull right round the city of Tallaght, but in this I would outrival Stuart—he rode on the outside of a horse—I would walk.

You will say it was a perilous task—be it so. I would not contradict my mother-in-law on *this point*.

Having communicated my intention to the Kurnal and my brother officers, and after taking a most harrowing leave of my regiment, which accompanied me five or six feet down the face of the *glacis*, I started on my strategetical journey, my



intention being to reconnoitre; take a dozen or so of photographs, make a few prisoners, capture some artillery, and return if necessary for reinforcements to Dublin; but, I had hardly proceeded a few yards when I beheld a crouching form by the roadside, and feeling that the enemy was upon me, I retreated to the army, but with great order and decorum, followed by the enemy, with singular daring, and foolhardiness.

Not wishing to alarm our brave and wearied fellows, I crept cautiously up the slope of the fortress, and had just reached the embrasure, when a terrific blow, administered from behind, sent me on the rim of my helmet—10,000 torches flared up in my eyes, and I remember nothing till I found myself seated on the wet grass surrounded by the Kurnal, and flanked by the staff, and the 4th estate.

Fully alive to the sense of duty, I crunched down the pain of my wound, until it settled itself into one frizzling spot over my left eyebrow, and gasped, "Have you made him prisoner?"

"We have," says the Kurnal, "here he is," and to my astonishment, a file of hus-

sars led up a very large goat, which darted suddenly in the direction of the staff, scattering them, as no charge of British dragoons could ever have done, and there is no telling what the consequences might have been had he not been cut down by private Bareshanks, with his umbrella, for which he was made sergeant on the spot.

You will naturally ask me what I said and did, my boy, and I will frankly tell you, *I held my peace*; knowing that some curious complication of circumstances had arisen, which led to a mistake on the part of the Brigade. A good strategist always allows an error to pass unnoticed, your commonplace petroleum fellows generally act the other way, this may do in "ile" fixings, but not in the great game of war, where your cue must be perpetually chalked with dead men's bones, and the marker appeased with blood.

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The gentle Aurora began to yawn, and turn in her couch, speculating as to another nap, but feeling inclined to pile the East with orient pearls, she skipped slowly out of bed, and throwing the window shutters



gently open, let in the light of morning upon the world and our noble army. The roosters in the City began to crow, the clocks to strike, and a close observer could perceive from these united phenomena, that morning was well turned on. (You observe the imagery my boy.)

A day was about to burst upon this terrestrial Earth that would send thunder to future generations, and cause the historian of the world to use his ink eraser upon the word "glory," in order that the idea might bubble up in our army like an ile spring.

Right before us lay the city wrapped in slumber, its spires and minarets glistening in the morning light, and its countless houses looking like rows of armed men. But ha! what means that bustle amongst the staff? Why does the Kurnal turn pale? How comes it that the 4th estate sharpens a dozen of pencils, and procures a ream of cream laid note? Why does every man glance anxiously at his weapon, and examine the folds of his umbrella? Why do tall men suddenly crouch as if stricken by some blight passing over their heads? And why do small ones disappear altogether? These are questions not easily

answered, my boy, save by a strategist, I—I, Julius Cæsar Buncombe, can alone reply to them. *The enemy was in sight.*

Encamped upon the bridge, or “Pons Asinorum,” were 5,000 police, 20,000 horse marines, and as nearly as we could compute about 40,000 infantry, with 20 batteries of artillery, each battery consisting of 40 guns, served by 20 gunners, and each gunner with at least 40 drummers, standing all in a row. I think I hear you say this was a fair sprinkling of onions, and horse radish for one meal, my boy. This mighty armament lay encamped upon the bridge, and seemed totally unconscious of the dread thunder-cloud so soon to burst upon their devoted heads.

The Kurnal shook with emotions of joy, and rocked himself backwards and forwards like a hobby-horse. After contemplating them through a roll of music for about 5 or 6 hours, he exclaimed—“Ha! I have these Britishers at last. Now gentleman,” he added, “I must leave you for a while.”

“Leave us, Kurnal?” gasped the Brigade.

“The fact is, I—feel that—I may fall;” and here he faltered, “and I wish to make

all straight before I go ; I borrowed five shillings and an umbrella from a lady in Rathmines which I would wish to repay her and—and—I am desirous of making my will."

"I can assist you Kurnal," cries the 4th estate, stepping forward. Here is pen, ink, and paper, and here is a blank form which I fortunately placed in my pocket, with a view to contingencies and sensation paragraphs."

"You be blowed," roars the Kurnal.

"And I will witness it," says Captain Tookshoddy.

"Get out," howls the Kurnal.

A council of officers was held, and it was resolved that the Kurnal should be allowed to return to Dublin for a few minutes, merely for the purpose of making his will, on the condition that the whole army should go with him to guard and protect him. Perfect unanimity prevailed, for we naturally felt that to give battle without the Kurnal, would be unwise, and offering an advantage to the enemy, which, in a strategetical point of view, would be attended with considerable advantage to him, and unutterable risk to us. A pos-

sum without his tail is a curious object, my boy, and so is a pump without a handle—you twig the sarcasm my boy.

All was bustle and activity in our camp, and everything prepared for the march. A council was held, and it was resolved that on this occasion, the officers should lead the army, the hussars to bring up the rear. These chivalrous fellows grumbled a little at being deprived of their post of honor, but were quieted upon being promised an increase of pay, equal to about 15 shillings per man, per diem, British money. The Bugler-in-Chief blew the advance upon a comb wrapped up in a copy of the "Bloody Blazer," and we got our limbs in order for perambulation, when a scout suddenly appeared in the offing under a heavy press of mud, with his jib-boom squared, his main halyards battened down, and an amount of high pressure in his face that spoke quartos of despatches.

"What the blue cuss is up," says the Kurnal, getting pale.

"Are the enemy retreating? Shall the Eagle be robbed of its prey? Speak Cai-tiff! Speak thou whittle of humanity!"

"Oh, Kurnal, the enemy is comin along

the road, on the outside of hosses, and we're all flabbergastrated," cries the scout.

"Then the road to Dublin is full of British troops?"

"Yaas," drawled the scout.

"On the outside of hosses."

"Yaas."

"The reglar ringtailed red coated, brass capped, copper fastened British dragoon?"

"I reckon you've built it, Kurnal," replies the scout.

The Kurnal in his agitation caught Ensign Adam Eveson, by the hair, and taking away a couple of pounds weight, enough to make *Chignons* for a female boarding academy, slowly shook his head from side to side and falling upon the Major's bosom, began to sob, sob, sob, his manly chest risin and fallin like a bran new pair of bellows.

A strategist never weeps, my boy, but there is some particular feeling up a tree, which can't be got to come down under a less pressure, and why our noble Kurnal gave way was this, he was crying like Alexander, that so many British troops should perish within the next four-and-twenty hours. *He* knew the ketch they were in. He reckoned up the fixins of the

trap, and felt that there was gore on the morning breeze.

A council of officers was held, and upon cross examining the scout, we felt assured that these troops must be the reinforcements from Central India and Japan, which had been telegraphed for on the night before and were somewhat re-assured when we came to consider that two-thirds of them were *minus* their livers, and the remaining five-sixths married men with large families.

The Kurnal was asked to subdue his emotion, and give a casting vote or two on certain questions of a delicate and personal nature, that arose during the Council Meeting. The questions I am not at liberty to enter into, my boy, but I will content the craving curiosity of the world, by letting this much go, forth we resolved *Crim Con* upon retreating, but merely for a purpose, my boy, merely for strategic reasons.

On our left, about 10 miles and overshadowing the City of Tallaght, was a lofty wood chiefly composed of the trees peculiar to the country. To this wood we resolved to march, remembering the tough whittling the Prussians dropt in for at the wood of Sadowa.



Wellington has been sorely censured by Art Critics, for posting his army in front of the forest of Soignies, on the 17th of June, 1815, at a village called Waterloo. Let the pen of the critic condemn such strategy no longer. Let future essayists, and sucking field officers remember, that it was in front of the wood of Tallaght that our army silently, with its eyes right, and left shoulders forward, right wheel, turned (like a menagerie of Lions at bay) to face the whole strength of the British Army. Let them remember this, and let every milestone in England bear the inscription of our Kurnal's name in letters of Magnesium wire and lime light.

The French have an exclamation which they use upon escaping from any great or perilous danger, "Allah Ackbar;" and I do assure you, my boy, brave and valiant as I am, that skeddaddle from the fortress to the wood, made me feel "snakes" and Allah Ackbar with the glow of a mint julep. It's no joke my boy to have to creep five or six miles on your abdomen, across a marshy bog, with nothing to look at but the darns in the seat of your leading file's inexpressibles, and knowing that a

sneeze will rise the pecker of some 60 or 70,000 fighting men, ready to fill every pore in your skin with iron, and lead, and steel, and tin. Its no joke, my boy, no joke.

The Brigade entered the wood in the excellent order which pervaded all their movements. Each man selected a particular tree behind which he snugly ensconced himself, while the sappers and miners, under the direction of the Engineers, proceeded to cut down some timber for the purpose of making fires. This they would have accomplished with that rapidity which characterized their actions all through this memorable war, but the saws were left in Dublin, as we did not reckon on a piece of strategy like the present.

The Kurnal surrounded by his staff, and general officers, myself included, sat upon the stump of a tree, and held a council of war.

An unusual pallor o'erspread the features of our noble commander, and his teeth rattled in his jaws, like a set of castanets.

"We're in for streaks, as sure as there's a tail on a possum;" the Major poetically whispered into my right ear; while Captain

Souser collared the left with "If this here British army don't retire in three skips, I reckon we'll be swimming in blood."

The Kurnal feebly asked if a horse could be obtained for love or money, on the grounds of being unable to survey the entire field without one, and give the necessary instructions to his aide-de-camps. You will feel your heart expand with pride, my boy, and admiration, when you hear that *I—I* volunteered to enter the city of Tallaght in disguise, and purchase a horse for our noble leader.

You can form no idea how much my valor was applauded, indeed, by boy, the red red rose, is stealing o'er my cheeks, and I feel, while I write, like a blushing maiden of 17 summers, and my ink has turned from black to red, from the reflection of the glow upon my visage.

"Take my tumbril," says one.

"Take my mortar," says another.

"Take my sneider," says a third.

I refused all their offers, knowing I would be searched, and, were arms found upon my person, such is the peculiarity of these Britishers, they might refuse to allow me to pass.

"Now, Kurnal, for the money," says I.

"What money," says he.

"To purchase the hoss," quoth I.

"Have you no money yourself," says he.

"Not the sentiment of a cent," quoth I.

"Then we will easily get it; What, ho! Quartermaster-General, hand 2,000 dollars to our trusted companion in arms!"

"There 'aint 20 red cents in the army," replies the Quartermaster-General.

This was literally true, my boy, such was the heroic intrepidity of these noble souls, that, despising base lucre, and refusing to worship mammon, they came armed only with their valor.

My country owes me a debt of gratitude, for refusing as I now did, to peril my regiment, for I need hardly say, I was the life and soul of the corps, and I fondly expect that I will be sent to Congress on account of my discretion, (*you may whisper this promiscuously, my boy, to such parties as have voting tickets on the red*).

I never saw a biped in such low spirits as the Kurnal. Being a conscientious man, he was evidently oppressed with the weight of his unrequited debt to the ancient woman in Rathmines, and so nicely balanced were

the scales of justice in his mind, that this vile pennyweight quite upset the beam. Imagine a trumpery old woman's cotton umbrella and five shillings, so to prey upon the spirits of a commander, as to endanger the fate of a blank leaf in the history of the world. In the bitterness of my heart I skinned her, and wished that she was sipping souchong in a joss house t'other side o' Jordan.

"Kurnal," says the 4th estate, "I'm at a loss for notes, what air you a going to do?"

"Die ! you screech owl," says the Kurnal.

"Don't rile me," says the 4th estate, "or it will be wuss for yer repootation than you reckon on, old hoss."

"Forgive me, 4th estate," asks the Kurnal, "I was thinking of something else."

"I calculate he wants his morning meal," interposes the Major. "Pipe all hands on deck to breakfast."

"We must forage on the enemy," observes the Commissary-General, who was standing nigh with his hands folded resignedly across his stomach, "there's not an ounce of food in the whole army."

I never heard such a groaning as this announcement set in motion ; it was heart-

ripping, not, but that the men could have remained for the next fortnight without food, but they wished to pile up a good meal before entering on the fight. A man always fights better, my boy, on a full stomach, and remember that Julius Cæsar Buncombe said this.

The groaning also proceeded more from a hostility to the Commissary-General than anything else, on account of his omitting green peas with the ducklings at mess, the evening before, and his substituting a "Roederer" for "Clicquot."

But Ha! why turn the enemy 60,000 pair of eyes with a fixed earnestness towards the wood? Why do officers saddle their horses and gallop to yon white building with a black escutcheon on the principal entrance? Why do Generals and Field Marshals take out their opera-glasses, and, after carefully wiping them in red and yellow pocket-handkerchiefs, sweep the horizon, and focus them on our location? Why do buglers sound the "Dead March in Saul," and drummers beat the "Devil's tattoo."

Lo! from beneath the shelter of the wood two travellers might be seen ascending a gentle eminence. The elder, from his care-



worn lineaments and tattered garments, might be easily recognised as Captain Hungerbrick ; while the other, being bootless, and his elfin hair braving the battle and the breeze, was identified as Private Smallhooks, both holding Commissions in the Oyster-shell Hussars.

“ Come back,” roars the Kurnal.

“ Fall in,” cries the Major.

“ Retreat,” howls the Kurnal.

“ We’re only on a foraging expedition,” replies Captain Hungerbrick, “ and we’ll be back in a couple of days.”

“ Return to the ranks, or I’ll have twenty rounds of blank cartridge fired upon you,” roars the Kurnal.

This awful threat produced the desired effect, and the officers retraced their steps with the agility of a pair of Blondin’s. But ah ! what a trifle will upset the plans of a strategist !—A straw, a feather, the sneeze of a chicken, or the cough of a beetle.—These two officers changed the whole tactics of the day. I may mention now, my boy, that, at a council of officers it was determined to force a passage through the wood, to deploy at the other side of it, throw out skirmishers in the direction of Galway, and

the Giants' Causeway, and wait for reinforcements; but these two addle-pated asses having exposed themselves to the gaze of the British troops, spoilt the whole strategy; and, before you could say Jack Robinson, the Horse Marines encamped by the river-side like a set of lettuces, threw out a cloud of sharpshooters, who made straight through the long sugar canes for the position now so proudly held by us.

From this moment a curtain of blood, and mist, and thunder, fell upon my senses, and I remember nothing, save that I moved very rapidly in one direction, shouting the words of command till my throat was near bursting. That I was severely wounded I know, but all the rest is like a ghastly dream.

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I append to this historical work a brief description of the fight as a guide to the historian. It is not written by myself, but, I must declare *upon my honor* it is a very clear and truthful statement, especially as regards my own share in the battle. How I happened to pick up this is as follows—but this is private and confidential, my boy.

After the battle I met the 4th estate at a wayside inn, as Blucher met Wellington at La Belle Alliance, and clearly perceived defined against the darkened heavens a roll of manuscript.

"What's that?" says I.

"It's an account of the battle," says he.

"Will you sell it?" says I.

"I will," says he.

"What's your tot?" says I.

"A dollar-and-a-half, but that depends," says he.

"On what?" says I.

"Whether it is to be a victory or a defeat," says he.

"Why, you straw-coloured hoss," says I, "isn't it wrote?"

"It is," says he, "but I've left blanks for British and Fenian, and in three skips of a kid, I can make it go either way."

"A dollar-and-a-half is dear," says I.

"It is," says he, "but I will have a tarnal amount of transposin' to make it a victory for *yew*," says he.

"Waal," says I, "have at it. Come and liquor up!"

Such, my boy, are the facts of the case, and with these remarks I close my com-

mentaries, like my remarkable namesake, Julius Cæsar-Rex.

## THE BATTLE.

The first line of the Fenian army was formed by the two corps commanded by Captain Tookshoddy and Major Lingwater. Bambotty's corps was on the right, that is, eastward or the Dublin road, and consisted of four divisions of Infantry, under Ensigns Durmash, Sherrie, Alix, and Brombesso and one division of light cavalry (the celebrated Oyster-shell hussars), under Major Ringtoozlium. Capt. Binkwinnies' corps formed the left or western wing, and was composed of Bachelor's, Fry's, and Laddo's division of Infantry, and Pirman's division of dismounted cavalry. The right wing of the second Fenian line was formed of Millfleas' corps, consisting of two divisions of heavy cavalry (dismounted). The left wing of this line was formed by Killyman's cavalry corps (dismounted), also in two divisions. Thus each of the corps of infantry that composed the first line, had a corps of cavalry behind it, but the second line consisted also of Lobber's corps of

infantry, and another division of the Oyster-shells. The third, or reserve line, had its centre composed of the sappers and miners, while the Engineers filled in the wings. All the Fenian troops comprised, besides their cavalry and infantry regiments, strong batteries of horse artillery, and the Kurnal's superiority in guns was of deep importance throughout the action. Besides, the leading officers who have been mentioned as commanding particular corps. Major, now General Buncombe, was present, and acted up to the time of his being wounded as the Kurnal's lieutenant during the battle. This is the gallant officer who so nobly came to the rescue of the Major of his regiment, on the previous evening, when the latter was in a situation of imminent peril, and we are gratified to learn that it is the intention of his State to send him to Congress on the red ticket.

### THE BRITISH ARMY.

Major General Brown Jones drew up his army in two lines, the principal one being stationed near the Pons Asinorum, and the other being arrayed along the slope

in the rear of his position. Commencing from eastward on the extreme left or front line, was Brown and Jones' brigades of light cavalry, and the 191st regiment of infantry. To the right Robinson's brigade of infantry was drawn up on the outer slope of the heights. Behind were the 9th brigade of Horse Marines under Smith, and to the right of these last, but more in advance, stood the 287th brigade of cavalry under De Smithe. These were close to the Dublin Road, and to the centre of the entire position. Immediately to the right, and westward of the Dublin Road, stood the third division, commanded by General Fitzsmith, and behind De Jones', Bungo Fencibles were posted. A rabbit warren was held, by a brigade of horse marines.

Major General Brown Jones formed his second line of cavalry. This only extended behind the right and centre of his first line. The largest mass was drawn up behind the Brigade of Infantry in the centre, on either side of the Dublin road. The 141st Brigade of Dragoons was posted to the right, and the last cavalry to the right was Fitzjones Bombazine's. Never, indeed, had two such Generals as Major-General Brown Jones of



the Horse Marines, and the Kurnal encountered, since the day when Scipio and Hannibal met at Zama, and Wellington and Napoleon at Waterloo.

The Kurnal was warned that he would find the English infantry "very devils in fight." He, however, adhered to usual tactics of employing the order of columns, on account of his extreme faith in Buncombe and the officers by whom the column was headed. It was approaching noon before the action commenced; the Kurnal waited 'till the fog cleared away, trusting to the effect which the sight of the imposing array of his own forces was likely to produce on the British army.

At last, about half-past eleven o'clock, the Kurnal began the battle by directing Buncombe to fall on a large pig-stye in the valley, and to hold it on account of its being a key to a position. Column after column of the Fenians descended from the southern heights, and assailed that post with fiery valor, which was encountered with the most determined bravery. The Horse Marines won the copse round the stye, but a party of about 20,000 Fenians, under Buncombe, held the stye itself throughout the day.

Amid shell and red-hot shot, and the blazing fragments of part of the building, this obstinate contest was continued. But still the Fenians were firm in the sty, though the Marines moved round it in such numbers as enabled them to surround and mask it with part of their troops from their left wing, while others pressed forward up the slope and assailed the British right. Buncombe made several sorties, taking individually a couple of hundred prisoners. The cannonade which commenced at first between the British right and Fenian left, in consequence of the attack on the pig-sty, soon became general along the lines, and about one o'clock the Kurnal directed a grand attack to be made, under Buncombe, upon the centre and left wing of the British. For this purpose four columns of infantry were collected, supported by the celebrated Oyster-shell Hussars and the Cockle Zouaves, and 500 guns were brought forward ready to be posted on the ridge of a little undulation of the ground in the interval, between the two principal chains of heights, so as to bring their fire to bear upon the British line at a range of about 50 yards.

The columns destined for this great and

decisive operation descended majestically from the Fenian line of hills, and gained the ridge of the intervening eminence on which the batteries that supported them were now ranged. At a distance of less than thirty yards, a volley was poured upon the devoted first sections of the nearest column, and then, with their Poddle war cry, the Fenians dashed in with the bayonet, and down came a whirlwind of Oyster-shells on the whole mass, sending them staggering into the valley, and cutting them down by whole battalions. On went the horsemen amid the ranks of the British columns, capturing 45 colors, and about 70,000 prisoners. Onwards still they galloped and sabred the artillerymen at the guns; then severing the traces, and cutting the throats of the Artillery horses, they rendered these guns totally useless to the British throughout the remainder of the day.

It was now half-past three o'clock, and seeing the Fenians so successful at all points, the British determined to try what effect could be produced on the Fenian centre and right by the charges of their splendid cavalry, brought on in such force that even the Oyster-shells could not check

them. Fresh troops were at the same time sent to assail the pig-stye and rabbit warren, the possession of these parts being the unceasing anxiety of the British. Squadron after squadron of the British cavalry accordingly ascended the slopes on Buncombe's right, and rode forward with dauntless courage against the batteries of Fenian artillery in that part of the field. The Artillery-men were driven from their guns, and the British cheered loudly at their supposed triumph. But Buncombe had formed his infantry in squares, and the British charged in vain against the impenetrable hedges of bayonets, while the fire from the inner ranks of the squares told with terrible effect on their squadrons. Nearly the whole of this splendid body of cavalry was destroyed in these fruitless attempts upon the Fenian right.

One thousand and fifty times did the British fight their way into the pig-stye, and as often did the Oyster-shells drive them out, while Buncombe, at the head of the Cockle Zouaves, plied the retreating columns with Greek fire, 'till each brigade resembled the crater of an extinct volcano in full action.

All accounts of the battle show that Buncombe was ever present at each spot where danger seemed the most pressing; inspiriting his men by vigorous words, and restraining their impatience to be led forward to the charge. The Kurnal had stationed himself on a little hillock near the pig-stye, in the centre of the Fenian position. He was seated, with a large table before him, on which maps and plans were spread; from whence with his telescope he surveyed the various points of the field. Captain Tookshoddy watched his orders close at his left hand, and his staff was grouped on horseback a few paces in the rear. Here he remained 'till near the close of the day, and now that the crisis of the battle was approaching, he mounted a coal-black steed and rode farther into the field. By this time, five o'clock, the British were so thoroughly done up, that they resolved upon making one final effort by sending up a couple of hundred thousand men to break up the Fenian centre. This manœuvre was accordingly put into action, and they moved in one immense overwhelming tide across the field and up the slopes, amid a withering hail of grape and canister from the Fenian batteries on the hill.

The Oyster-shells were lying down to rest themselves after their recent fatigue, and also with the view of avoiding the destructive effects of the British artillery, which kept up an unremitting fire from the opposite heights.

On came the 200,000 British, and had advanced to about five yards from where the Oyster-shells were reposing, when the Kurnal shouted in stentorian tones, as if to the ground before him, or down into a well, "*Up Shells and at them.*"

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We will draw a curtain over the remainder of that eventful day ; suffice it to say, that about 70,000 British were made prisoners, and shipped on board the "Great Eastern," straightfor the White House ; that their guns, ammunition, stores, and small arms were sunk in the Rubicon, and that Buncombe was made a General, and long may he live to fight such tremendous battles.

FINIS.





